

OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.]

THE REPOSITORY.

[From the New-York Statesman.]

CARTER'S LETTERS.

Paris, January, 1826.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 28th of November, we took seats in the Diligence for Paris, a distance of one hundred and seventy-three English miles from Calais, by the new route through Abbeville and Beauvais. Our vehicle and its equipments looked more like a caravan, destined to Mecca or the Holy Land, than like a stage coach for the metropolis of France. Its construction is in all respects unique and amusing. The body is fifteen or twenty feet long, and divided into three compartments, separated from one another by partitions, which cut off all intercourse between the passengers. Of these sections, the one in front, which is before the wheels, is called the *cabriolet*, formed like the top of a chaise, and sufficiently wide to hold three or four persons. Behind this, and between the wheels, is the body of the Diligence, called the *intérieur*, fashioned with protuberant sides, like a stage coach, and spacious enough to accommodate six passengers. The rear division, behind the wheels, is termed the *dérrière*, resembling the body of one of our hacks, and large enough for half a dozen persons. In addition to these grand divisions, there are places for a few odd passengers aloft, among the baggage. The wheels of the vehicle are massive and strong, in proportion to the other parts, exceeding in clumsiness the heaviest of the Pennsylvania wagons. Behind each of them a scraper is placed, to clear off the mud at every rotation, and to keep the tire clean.

The team is as odd as the carriage. It consists of five, six, seven, and sometimes eight horses, harnessed together in the most curious manner. Two of them are fastened to the tongue, and the remaining three travel abreast in front, with traces so long as frequently to drag upon the ground. The animals bear upon their shoulders a kind of pack-saddle, covered with blue shaggy cloth, and armed with tall horns of wood branching out on each side, to hold the reins. Their heads are ornamented with blue and red tassels, with other finery and a string of bells, giving them a most fantastic appearance.

The harness generally is of the cheapest and most ordinary kind, made more of hemp than leather, and presenting a striking contrast to the burnished equipments of an English coach. A postillion, clad in his long boots frequently made of wood, and reaching above the knee, rides the near horse behind, guiding the team more by dint of his long whip, than the cords which serve for reins. To shield him from the inclemency of the weather, he often wears the skin of an animal, with the hairy side out, giving him a savage aspect. Every Diligence has an agent called a *conducteur* corresponding with the guard of an English coach. He is an important personage, seating himself in good weather on his throne aloft, and directing the whole movements of the caravan. To his charge is committed the baggage of the passengers, as well as their passports, and he relieves them from the vexation of paying a fee to the coachman at the end of every stage as in England. At the inns, it is his province to preside at the table, and in short, to afford every accommodation and facility to the traveller.

Comfortably seated in the rear department of such an establishment, the same group of Yankees who had monopolized the interior of the coach from London, made a sortie through the royal gate of Calais, by the canals of St. Omer, Gravelines, and Dunkirk, the suburbs of St. Pierre, and the fortress of Nieuval, thus commencing their travels in France under circumstances rather inauspicious, since a severe storm of wind and rain rendered it necessary to keep the windows of the vehicle closed. A peep through the glass at a very circumscribed horizon discovered to us, that we were alternately climbing and descending smooth, rolling gravelly hills, of moderate elevation, destitute of wood, without fences, bleak and barren, with a sparse population.

The road between Calais and Paris has for the greater part of the way been macadamized; and looks as if it might be good in summer; but at this season, it was extremely muddy, and the Diligence lumbered along like a great baggage-wagon, as dissimilar to the English coach in speed as in appearance. Fortunately it was impossible, amidst the multifarious and complex modes of measuring roads in France, to ascertain with much accuracy at what rate we

travelled. There are three kinds of computation in vogue, which appear to be used indiscriminately. The first is by *posts*, which have been established by the government all over the country, at the distance of about five English miles from one another. Here, post-horses and other facilities of intercourse are always to be obtained, at prices fixed with the utmost precision. It is a very perfect and excellent system. The tourist has only to purchase or hire a carriage, and at these points he is sure to find relays to expedite his passage.— From these establishments has arisen another mode of measuring distances by the *hour*. The French say so many hours, instead of so many miles, from one place to another. With a good team, on a good road, and in good weather, distances may be very accurately computed by time; but it must of course in most instances be extremely vague. The remaining mode is by the *league*, which is about two and a half miles.

Finding ourselves only perplexed by the responses to our inquiries, and that taking the motions of the Diligence for a standard, one French hour was as long as two by our watches, we adopted the comfortable maxim of the poet, that "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and resigning all the cares of a toilsome march to the conducteur, we beguiled it of tediousness by the Journal of York, conversation, and the few objects which claimed attention along the road. Several villages were passed, prettily situated upon the hills, but presenting nothing very striking, except the cross which every where meets the eye of the traveller. The buildings are uniformly constructed of stone, generally in a rude state, covered with a thick coat of plaster, and exhibiting nothing of that neatness, which is visible in the villages of our country.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at Boulogne, a large town, twenty-one miles from Calais, situated upon a declivity, and containing 13,000 inhabitants, many of whom are English, attracted hither by the cheapness of living and the advantages of trade. It has a port whence tradition says that Julius Caesar sailed in his expedition for the conquest of the Britons. Its ancient tower was erected in the time of Caligula. The town is divided into two sections, called upper and lower. The former is much the most pleasant, containing a wide avenue with handsome houses, and several stately edifices. On the summit of an eminence near the entrance, stands a lofty Corinthian column, 155 feet in height, and twelve or fourteen in diameter. It was commenced by Napoleon, as it is said, to commemorate his meditated conquest of England; but a change of fortune in the Emperor left the monument to be finished by his less ambitious successor. It is used merely as an ornament, and an observatory for taking a view of the harbor and surrounding country.

Our stay at Boulogne was only long enough for dinner, which was served up in the usual French style, with a great variety of made dishes, a dessert of nuts and fruits, and a bottle of red wine—the whole for three francs, or about sixty cents each. The afternoon of this day was bright, and afforded us a much better opportunity of examining the country, the scenery of which here assumes the aspect of a large proportion of the interior of France. In its general features, the landscape bears a

much stronger resemblance to the United States than to any part of Great Britain. Hills of moderate elevation are clothed with extensive forests of natural wood; consisting of oak, hickory and birch. By the side of the way are large fields, appropriated to various kinds of tillage; and most of the farms have orchards, resembling those that are seen in our country. Several vineyards were observed; but at this season, they add nothing to the scenery. The vine is planted in rows of about the same width as Indian corn, and rises to the height of three or four feet. Stacks of dry bundles of twigs, pruned off every year, and used in kindling fires, are the only ornaments of the fields, after the charms of the vintage have disappeared.

There are few fences or hedges in France, so far as my observation has yet extended. The country all lies common, and each proprietor guards his own flocks and herds. The number of domestic animals appears to be much smaller than in England or the United States—particularly of cattle, which are seldom seen covering the hills in droves. From what I can learn, the country is badly stocked.—The French make but little use of oxen, except in particular

districts, and every body knows they are no beef-eaters. Nearly all the labor of tillage and transportation is done by horses, which are generally of a small breed, ill-looking, but strong and docile. They are emphatically the drudges of life, doomed to hard fare, and cruel treatment. I have seen the poor animals shamefully abused for falling down where it was so slippery, that they could not stand, having no corks on their shoes; and for not pulling burdens too great for their strength. Such instances of inhumanity are frequent, and have sometimes strongly tempted us to interfere in behalf of the dumb beast.

But I am travelling slower than even

our tardy vehicle. Early in the evening

we arrived at Montreuil, an antique

town, romantically seated upon a rock,

strongly fortified, and containing four or

five thousand inhabitants. A full moon

afforded us a glimpse of its castellated

walls, and of its narrow, close streets,

under lamps suspended from ropes ex-

tending from side to side, twenty or

thirty feet above the pavement, we at

length reached the Messagerie Royale,

the rendezvous of public coaches, in a

central part of the city. It is an im-

mense establishment, where Diligences

are seen arriving and departing at all

hours to and from every part of the

kingdom. Here our passports were

again demanded, and our baggage un-

derwent another examination. It was

however very slight. The officer mere-

ly unlocked our trunks, and thrust his

hand down each side, in our presence.

A swarm of runners and waiters from

the hotels, still more numerous and im-

portunate than the host on the quay at

Calais, besieged us, with cards in their

hands, and all jabbering at the same mo-

ment. A previous determination to go to

the Hotel Montmorency, which had been

recommended to us as a good house,

and the principal rendezvous of Ameri-

cans, relieved us from the embarrass-

ment of a choice under such circumstan-

ces. The sequel, however, proved that

the offer of some one of the numerous

applicants for our company had better

been accepted. Apartments were sought

and obtained at the above mentioned

hotel; but after being shown into our

rooms, accompanied by our baggage,

and considering ourselves settled for the

night, we were for the first time informed

that lodgings could not be taken in the

Montmorency for shorter term

than a week. As the accommodations

were very indifferent, and not choosing

to be compelled to seek such chambers

longer than suited our convenience—but

above all, feeling indignant that the sup-

posed necessity of the case had been

seized to force strangers into an ar-

rangement, we just put on our boots

and coats, directing our baggage to be

taken to the streets.

Learning our determination, the mis-

teress of the hotel sent word that we

might remain for the night; but the of-

fer of a bed was not accepted under

such circumstances. Thus a slight de-

gree of Yankee spirit and independence

threw all four of us into the mazes of a

strange city, at the hour of midnight,

without where to lay our heads, or di-

rections to find another house. Two

of us stood sentry over the baggage,

while the remaining two found a car-

riage, to take us in pursuit of a hotel.

Fortunately accommodations were soon

obtained for the night; and in a day or

two, a fine suite of apartments in Rue

Montmorency, a central part of the city,

were rented on moderate terms, where

we went to lodgings, and have lived

very pleasantly during our visit to Paris.

If others are of the same mind with our-

selves, the Hotel Montmorency will not

be troubled hereafter with American

company.

[From the Louisiana Advertiser.]

Oh! that my friend would—take a

Newspaper.

"John! Oh, John!—do you hear?

Run to neighbor Liberal's, and ask him

if he will oblige me by the loan of this

morning's paper a few moments, just to

look at the ship news and the adver-

tisements."

"That's just what I said yesterday

morning, daddy, when I went to borrow

the paper, and you know I kept it two

hours, and he was obliged to send for it."

"Well, then, say something else to

him, John, do you hear, John? and give

my compliments, John, do you hear?"

"Yes, daddy." (exit and returns.)

"Well, John, have you got the pa-

per?"

"No, daddy, neighbor Liberal is walk-

ing about the room waiting for Mr.

Newmenger to finish reading the Louis-

iana Advertiser, or Mr. Longwind to drop

the Gazette; which he has got almost

asleep over."

"But is not the Argus and Mercantile Advertiser come?"

"Yes, daddy, but Mr. Neighborside is reading one, and Mr. Scriblerus is laughing over that funny piece he told you he was going to have published in the 'Mirror,' and I believe he has read it twenty times over."

"This is provoking; I wonder why they don't take the papers themselves, and not be troubling their neighbors."

"Why don't you take a paper, daddy?"

"Why—why—if I did, I never could get a chance to see it. An impudent set of spongers! go again, John. There must be one out of four liberated, and I know it will give neighbor Liberal pleasure, to gratify me only for a moment."

"Well, John, what success?"

"Can't get a paper, daddy. Mr. Liberal has got the Mercantile Advertiser away from Mr. Scriblerus, and Mr. Dolittle is looking over his shoulder while he reads it; and he'll want it next."

"This is beyond all bearing; it is now seven o'clock, and I suppose I must wait till after breakfast before I can get the news, and who d——l (in a violent passion) would give a summathee to read a newspaper after breakfast. Do you hear, John, go again, John, and wait till one or the other of the papers is out of the hands of these infernal gormandizing monopolizers, and be sure to catch it, John, and then tell Mr. Liberal that I will return it instantly—do you hear, John?"

"Yes, daddy." (exit) (Enter Swallow.)

THE OBSERVER.

Paris :

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1826.

POLITICAL. Perhaps the occasion has never occurred, nor can such a combination of circumstances be soon again expected, as that which now calls upon the citizens of this County to exercise so extensively, their highest privilege, the right of choosing their own rulers and of deciding to whom they will entrust that legislative power which may deeply affect their property, their liberty and even their lives. The gubernatorial chair is to be filled anew, a vacancy in our representation to Congress is to be supplied for the next three years, senators for the State legislature and representatives from the various towns, who are themselves to be the electors of a senator to Congress, are all to be chosen at the approaching election. The magnitude and importance of the duties they are called upon to discharge, and the lasting consequences that may result from the manner in which the right of suffrage exercised, will it is hoped be sufficient to awaken the attention of our fellow citizens, and to lead them to select for high and important stations, men who will do honor to their choice, and best consult their interests and welfare. That a man possesses talents and honest intentions, will afford little satisfaction to us, if his political sentiments are such as to lead him to support measures pernicious to our rights and best interests. We cannot bestow our unhesitating confidence on one, whatever may be his mental endowments and good faith, who shall have imbibed sentiments subversive of the fundamental principles of our political institutions, or who is governed by motives of selfish policy or temporary expediency. The times of violent party excitement having in a measure gone by, it is believed that the characters of men and measures, may be discussed with something of that coolness and impartiality, so essentially requisite to the formation of correct opinions. But though party views merely as such, may be laid aside, there are nevertheless certain fundamental principles which should never be lost sight of. Events have transpired which should never be forgotten, and from which valuable lessons of political experience may be derived. To preserve inviolate the rights of individuals—to guard against the encroachments of power under whatever form it may present itself—to distrust all measures however specious their apparent utility, which tend to corrupt the original purity and simplicity of our institutions is the duty and should be the endeavor of all. For this purpose men should be selected for public office who will be, not the agents of a party, but the servants of the people; who will judge of measures as they regard the good of the whole, not as they may affect themselves, or the party to which they may consider themselves as exclusively belonging. As for ourselves in our editorial capacity we belong to no party but the people's party. The columns of our paper, as hitherto will be open to all who address themselves to the public with dignity and moderation. That we have our own particular political views and sentiments we do not mean to deny, but these shall never so influence our conduct, as to lead us to attempt to stifle or prevent the temperate discussion of the character of public men or measures. Too humble to lead others we are still too independent to be led by them, and claiming for ourselves but the privilege we grant to others of entertaining and expressing our own opinions, we shall endeavor to conduct ourselves in political as in other matters faithfully and impartially.

We are indebted for the notice of Mr. JEFFERSON, which appears in to-day's paper, to the kindness of the same correspondent who last week furnished us with a notice of Mr. ADAMS. It will require no recommendation of ours, to call the attention of our readers to subjects such as these. The interest felt by all in whatever relates to such men, would have secured to these notices an attentive perusal, even if they had not been, of themselves so well deserving

of it. The length of the piece in to-day's paper, will necessarily exclude some other matters, but we trust none which could have been so gratifying to our readers.

Communications.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

A second time I comply with your request to notice an event afflicting to the country and interesting to every man of feeling and reflection. When performing the painful task of recording the death of Mr. ADAMS, we were far from anticipating the new sorrow which awaited the American people; yet we now know that Mr. JEFFERSON too has been removed from the scene of human glory to the seat, as we trust, of his eternal reward. The spirits of the two compatriots and friends ascended together, on the day of that national festival which they, principally, contributed to place first on the calendar of jubilees.

JEFFERSON was a man who has erected a thousand imperishable monuments to his name. It is not necessary to toll bells and fire minute guns to show our sense of his greatness, nor to march with scars upon the arm to the solemn music of the muffled drum to rouse our sympathies. Reason looks with deeper scorn than usual on such idle parade, and pointing to the institutions which adorn our country and the facts which appear on its history, she commands us to go to that massive and splendid pile, and there to meditate and mourn the loss we have sustained. She tells us, that, when the wise and good are removed from the scene of their labors and usefulness, mainly firmness, unrelaxed by the weakness of humanity, will revive the departed friend, as to intellectual existence, in the image it preserves of his moral qualities.

Instead of those expressions and imitations of passion we see sometimes displayed, let us render the better homage to the memory of JEFFERSON, and turn from the painful consideration of his death to trace in his opinions and his acts the features of his life.

Beginning at an early period, we find the light of his mind dawning upon the world, in the same manner in which superior usefulness usually commences, that is, by the display of taste, of literature, and science. These are properties, without which the public man in elevated stations can seldom shine.

His "Notes on Virginia," a work written in 1785, has been since much celebrated. Perhaps its intrinsic worth has been overrated, but it is nevertheless a useful and, in many parts, an elegant production, evincing much scientific, political, and general knowledge.

Two passages in it have been commented upon with great severity of criticism, and have much injured the reputation of the author. The criticism has been, in part, just, but the consequence has been pressed with too much force, even with the aim to pierce the shield of rectitude of motive, which always reflected its polished lustre before the breast of this great philanthropist and philosopher.

The one passage, above referred to, relates to religion, the other to our national policy in regard to manufactures. He has used this indiscreet, and, if considered without reference to the context, profane expression—"But it does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty Gods or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg." It is to be regretted that so light and apparently trifling a remark, should have fallen from such a pen, but there is no candid and fair man who will not look for the meaning of that remark beyond any rules of narrow interpretation to the very centre, if possible, of the author's mind; for we will not willingly agree that such a mad could have been arrayed against religion.—The writer, a bold and independent censor of the aristocratic and oppressive character of the constitution and laws under which his native State has always been governed, found among those laws, one which imposed the severest penalties on each of those "who denies the being of a God or the Trinity, or asserts there are more Gods than one." He would, I presume, have denounced any such person, saving as to what relates to the Trinity, a mad man, but he wished simply to show that "the legitimate powers of governments extend to such acts only as are injurious to others," and that there was no direct injury properly cognizable by law in the profession of opinions most revolting to our understandings or to an orthodox faith. He, in short, believed that under a system of perfect toleration in religion, the reason of man would enlighten his mind, while a system of coercion would fetter it and make its subject, not pious or moral, but merely hypocritical. The propriety of his views may be judged of by others. It is only our purpose to state what they were. I could refer to many testimonials of his respect for the christian religion, and I should do it with pleasure, because I think those christians injure the cause most interesting of all, who rashly impute infidelity and opposition to men whose opinions act with great force on others, but that I believe what has been said to be sufficient for my purpose. In short, the objections to his

remarks have been most vociferously urged by those who had not sought to appreciate its purport or who could not understand its object. I mean by those, who although members of a party, ought not to be considered as the representatives either of its intelligence or its virtues, but who constituted, to allude to a regulation in the French revolution, a petty and miserable Canton in a more gifted and better Commune. An honest man of any party will never wantonly sacrifice a fair reputation even to his own most worthy ambition.

The other passage in the "Notes," which has drawn much censure upon their author, betrayed a want of foresight with which he was not often chargeable. It is this, "that the works of Europe are the most proper to furnish the supplies of manufactures to the United States." Now let us not look to the strictures of prejudiced and malignant critics for the views of the author of that sentence, but direct our candor to its proper object—his actual meaning. He saw before him a wide expanded country, blessed with a variety of climates, a fertile soil, and innumerable products of the vegetable world, and many invaluable resources of raw materials in the mineral kingdom. As a philosopher and politician he delighted in agriculture, and he believed that to encourage it was the principal interest of his fellow citizens. "Those," said he, "who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people, whose breasts he has made the peculiar deposites of substantial and genuine virtue." Is it not true that the husbandmen are the best corps of supporters and defenders of every republic? All admit it: then why impale him who has but proclaimed the truth? Yet he spoke only in reference to the existing state of things. Afterwards, when he found France and England converted into two nations of picaroons, and destroying, by iniquitous decrees and orders in council, that commerce necessary to sustain our agriculture, he admitted that to preserve our independence we must twirl the distaff and ply the shuttle, as well as turn the furrow, and wield the forest-clearing axe.

Pardon me if I dwell still longer on the "Notes on Virginia." JEFFERSON in this work was no time-serving, speech-making minion of a party. He wrote and he thought for all times and for his country. As in others, the glowing mind of the writer sometimes emitted a dangerous flame, but it was, a flame caught from the sun, preserved in the temple of liberty, and snatched away only to cherish and to enlighten.

I have never read without infinite delight his able refutation of Buffon and Raynal, who had imbibed the prejudice, the former, that in America the brute animal, and the latter, that the human animal was inferior to the European. A more dignified and triumphant refutation of a pernicious error was never achieved. Do not fear that on this tempting theme I will trespass on your patience either by attempting to illustrate the ability of the author of the "Notes," or by the additional proofs which have been presented since his work was published. The former object needs no extrinsic support, and the reputation of writers and speakers, inventors and artists, since his time, is more honored by examining the history of authorship and oratory—of our steam-boats—our new and valuable machines and performances, than by the loose comments and statements which might be made on a sudden call and a hasty survey. In the "Notes," I advert to, the author was the first great vindicator of the capacity and the effectual demonstrator of the actual contents of physical and moral power in this new world, and for this he deserves that we should pay to him our most cordial homage of thanks and praise.

Again: he is entitled to the commendation of having advanced the genuine principles of liberty, in his own State, against prejudices, such as now run in the veins of such men as Randolph and Archer, in favor of a fair and equal right of suffrage, founded on personal interests. In short, show this people the instance in which JEFFERSON has betrayeded a want of a general prevailing love of the best objects of republics, and then you may condemn him; but this cannot be done. It is true that he seemed to have been, at one period, a proscriptive and persecuting officer of the government, but allow me to ask you to consider that question presently.

With these remarks I will leave the "Notes on Virginia" to the more ample range of comment and the more particular consideration of the professional reviewer, hoping that his conscience may be fairly discharged in the performance of a duty over which the illustrious dead will watch with a vision free from human obscurity, and act with a judgment unshackled by mortal frailty. He who condemns such men as JEFFERSON unjustly, is the enemy of man, and must answer to heaven for such high scandal. He commits treason, not according to the British Statutes, or British common law, as a "scandalum magnum," as the sentence on a king or the condemnation, by a mob, of an ennobled villain, but according to the law of nature which sanctifies claims in the veneration of a wise and good com-

munity, and protects the estate in public confidence which belongs to him who acts for the good of mankind, in strict obedience to the laws of God.

Mr. JEFFERSON was induced into his presidency over the United States, near the commencement of the present century, in the year 1801. It was a period of such excitement that not only parties acted in mass with a violence similar to that of a civil war, but individuals of the different political sects stood in array, in the most menacing attitude, against each other. In the electrifying struggle the passions of men had glowed with the most hateful fires. It is the characteristic of party spirit that it works its effects by the means of sympathy, and uses the agency of malignant arts and natural prejudices to excite in men the deepest tone of feeling. Hence the election of JEFFERSON was deemed the triumph of party over an enemy: and, as such an election should be considered, as the calm and deliberate judgment of the community on a national concern, to be rendered with impartiality and submitted with deference. Neither party would either offer or accept the olive branch. There was no fair prospect of conciliation. The exultation of victory, the mortification of defeat, the exasperation of conflict, vengeance, and defiance, and reproach were every where seen and heard. In this dilemma JEFFERSON, with others, perhaps, still feeling the pain of the blows he had received from many active and vigorous assailants, used his success with a bold severity, and exacted from his foes the penalty of retirement. He swept them generally from office and placed there in their stead those who rallied round the banner he had raised.—The policy of this strong measure has been the subject of the severest strictures. Its correctness or its unsoundness must, like every similar question, be decided by great first principles, in connection with all the concomitant circumstances. As a general rule, however, it is evidently true, that the nation ought to have the benefit of all its instruments of usefulness, of all its talents and learning, industry and integrity, in order most surely and rapidly to advance its glory and its happiness. It is a misfortune to which we may be subjected, but which is always to be deplored, when any repulsive influence in the elements of society forces apart the homogeneous materials of capacity and patriotism, which, united, constitute the foundation of the safety of a State, as under all circumstances, they afford its most rich and beautiful ornaments.

During the term of JEFFERSON's administration many new and important acts of legislation were adopted, and it may be said adopted under his auspices: for such was his personal popularity that his approbation was deemed the best sanction of the correctness of a proposition, and his disapprobation amounted almost to a veto. The policy of the government was in many respects essentially changed, and so distinct was the great outline of his views that the name of the JEFFERSON policy was inscribed on his plau-

ette. What his favorite measures were is known to all. There is not here room even to state them. That they prove him to have been, in the main, a most enlightened patriot, and that his splendid success shows that he was a most skilful leader will now be generally admitted. At the same time, it will be admitted that the candid that he sometimes erred. Indeed, when we consider the novelty and peculiarity of our situation as to domestic and foreign concerns, our surprise will only arise from finding how penetrating was his foresight, how accurate were his calculations, how profound was his knowledge, and on the whole, how wise was the whole of the now nearly exploded theory which governed his political conduct. From his time our government has gradually declined towards the doctrine which deepens and spreads before us, of constructive powers, in which the liberties of the people are, it is feared, at some time to be merged. He faithfully held us back from the precipice which overhangs that fearful gulf. He was a strict constitutionalist, and never satisfied those professions most beautifully exhibited in his first inaugural speech. How fortunate must have considered himself to have lived in such a period of growth and bloom of his country's prosperity, and to have died ere the sacred leaf shew that the tree he had nurtured with such assiduous care was going to decay. His course has at least been consistent, and he has that testimonial in his favor of his political integrity. Some of your readers might be better pleased with the exclamations of impassioned sentiment and an oratorical and poetical imagery than by a dry discussion of those principles, the presentation of which is the true portraiture of JEFFERSON's mind, but if I can attract the attention of the thinking, I will not try to kindle any light for the gaze of the inconsiderate. I will proceed to notice that period of our history, the most interesting of all, it relates to WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, and I humbly conceive to this entire nation.

When that greatest of men, WASHINGTON, commenced his duties as President of the United States, he collected around him certainly the best Cabinet the nation then was or has since been able to afford. JEFFERSON was appointed Secretary of State, Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, Knox, Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph, Attorney General. It was a constellation of genius, of which human nature might boast. I mean not to speak extravagantly and therefore add that when I thus notice this brilliant exhibition I have reference to principles, to purposes, and to effects, as well as to the native splendor of those near and mighty orbits of intellectual light. At the first session of Congress Hamilton was called on to report on the means of maintaining the public credit, and at the text session he produced a plan, which however faulty, entitles him to immortal honor. In connection with the great and thus far wise views of Hamilton, he afterwards offered the project of a national bank at the third session of Congress. Whether this was the starting post of that ground on which constructive powers have run against the express and those necessary to give effect to the express powers, historians and politicians may decide. It was not certainly far distant from that post, if not identically the same. Much discussion arose on the questions among others, relating to banks, on the competency of the federal government to act on the subject; but the bill for establishing a National Bank was carried, in the house, by a majority of nineteen votes and of course became the subject of consideration before the Cabinet, in which the immortal JEFFERSON with Edmund Randolph voted against it. WASHINGTON in this situation of peculiar delicacy with an equally divided Cabinet, and Congress in favor of the bill, was in a condition from which it seems fair

to infer that his ascent was the result of a moral necessity. Thus originated the system, which JEFFERSON always opposed of making our constitution—what you please—a system which makes all limitation of power amount to nothing.

It has been urged that JEFFERSON was not only an enemy to the navy but also to commerce. The impression resulted from a very natural perversion of his views. Prejudice offered first its garbled statements and its wild interpretation, and misapprehension seized on them as if they had been food and not shadows, reality and not fiction. It is an additional proof of the necessity of always keeping candor so near that it may interpose to save us when falsehood or malice shall assail our credibility. Collectively and individually we have an interest as deep in preventing a wanton injury to character, as to any other species of property, and we incur a share of guilt in abetting slander or permitting impunity to it, as much as we should in aiding a highwayman or giving shelter to a thief. A review of our State Papers will show that JEFFERSON fully appreciated the importance of our commerce. He was always interested to promote and defend it by liberal regulations at home, by fair, equal, and reciprocal arrangements with foreign governments, and especially by cherishing those pacific relations which are the soul of commerce and the source of a common welfare. This is but assertion, yet, relying, at present, on the fact that it cannot properly be contradicted, I will omit to cite the documents on which it rests, excepting one, formerly of much celebrity, although since apparently forgotten. As the readers of your Paper are New England men I select this document as mere forcibly illustrative than any other. It is a report on the Fisheries and was made as early as 1791. The introductory statement exhibits profound research, and the condensation of a volume of history into a few of such simple and perspicuous sentences, as he always used. Although a Virginian, he was not blind to the value of a commercial concern, which at the time of his report employed singly in the cod fishery five hundred and thirty nine of the vessels and thirty two hundred and eighty seven of the seamen of Massachusetts, and furnished a product for the year of more than eight hundred thousand dollars, an amount, however much less, than had before been annually derived. His statements and opinions as to the whale fishery may here be passed, as the importance of that branch of business has been much diminished by the increased use of vegetable oils and the gas used for lights. It is saying enough to add that Nantucket and Marblehead could not have deserved more than he was desirous to give, and the country could not properly go farther than he wished to carry it.

Among the political opinions of Mr. JEFFERSON was one of great importance decided as to its correctness. There is no subject of more consequence to this country than that of the organization of the three several great departments of the government, the executive, legislative, and judicial.—The determining the measure of authority which shall belong to each, involves the adjustment of these checks and balances on which the security of freedom depends. It is certain that there is, as to the elective agents of the people, as much confidence, resulting from the presumption that, being responsible, they must have an interest in doing right, as from the fact that they do not in reality err; too often the possession of the power to try is considered equivalent to the regular administration of justice. This is, however, an affair only to be regulated by the public sentiment. Human wisdom could proceed no further in forming a constitution of government to give the people the corrective for violation of confidence and abuse of trust. So far JEFFERSON was, it is presumed, satisfied with our form of government. But it is evident that he thought the constitution of the judicial department as of such a nature as to threaten the future safety of liberty in this country. His views are no where stated, in regard to this interesting question, with that precision and fulness with which he treated almost every other topic. It is not probable that he saw or imagined much danger in the extent of legitimate authority vested in the judiciary, but that he took the alarm from what he considered a want of sufficient check against the abuse of power. JEFFERSON's opinion seems to have been that the Judges of the United States Court hold their office virtually for life and not under a sufficient responsibility, for he considered the provision for impeachment as being but little more than nominal, to use his own expression, "not even a scarecrow." Let, said he, "the future appointments of Judges be for four or six years, and renewable by the President and Senate. This will bring their conduct, at regular periods, under revision and probation, and may keep them in equipoise between the general and special governments." While the opinion of Mr. JEFFERSON is worthy the highest consideration, while it is true that the theory of all constitutions is that every public functionary shall be fully responsible for the fulfillment of his duty, it is also to be considered that the judge should be so situated that no embarrassment, from too much dependence, should control his freedom and honesty. The test is, if judges do not ably, impartially, diligently, and patiently exercise their functions, in a kind and obliging, but firm and dignified manner, the system is wrong which tolerates their ignorance, petulance, tyranny, fatlessness, or corruption. If they do, the fruit proves that the system is good. Probably in the United States and the special governments, laws are well administered; but there are occasional exceptions and when they exist they are great grievances; yet for this partial evil it might not be best to adopt so severe an application as Mr. JEFFERSON proposed. In England and in some of our States by the legislature is the remedy for removing the terrible nuisance of a bad judge; but under our federal constitution even this slight and feeble provision is omitted.

As to JEFFERSON's situation in reference to property I cannot accurately speak. He lived at Monticello, which is, I believe, within the town or village of Milton, in the State of Virginia, where he had an elegant and spacious mansion, exhibiting, in its various parts, the several orders of Grecian architecture, and containing a library, and philosophical and natural curiosities of immense value, with fine specimens also of statuary and painting. His plantation embraces about eleven thousand acres, of which about fifteen hundred are cleared, and worked by slaves, and about two hundred slaves. This was the state of facts a few years since, and, probably, at the time of his death.

The library to which I refer, is of course not that, consisting of about six thousand volumes which the statement purports to

on its own terms, in this instance, as it is. TAMPERS, the ill times, the late President are not ingrateful times, they will not seek for and exact power to aid those it, not only fashion, to receive them.

It has recently been poor. It was remiss and the his property in remittance of a lottery. We of JEFFERSON are not the owners of our own estate to say that parted, during his from the Roman world could only be the to the demoralizing land by a lottery enriched Rome by it and the spoils rather to have die ulator in the base ets. To have so by the provision of life, would have countrymen: to have been their friend to save him in old age from the Legislature, to a shambles.

I have regretted an act of clemency such a man, that freely; but I believe which JEFFERSON Mr. ADAMS, has as to the weights bodies, and alibi his going to Ben temple of Fortune that he should her reputation co man's choices.

To do justice to it would be need great events in which, on cool reflection, which, on cool cannot be doubted. taste, science, and approval, un and wisdom ought.

It is a singular rise to fame and the eminent man paying an imperceptible to the very without climbing from any eyrie but because I directed them to must hear them, who do not, able to run well had useful talents, pernicious practices which wanted to its purposes. Labor and the career compiled speech it was the steady with a bound and deception, against his will, would sometimes his power, but planted, who with a daily more persevering systematic, he directed them to no portion of cheerful and virtuous, although he had of intellect that had, yet time eighty years, be effect on the to the

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cian whose mind expanded to the range of
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corroded by no acid, in whose habit there
was none of the black bile which grows from
prejudice and which imparts a fatal disease
to the system. Look to all his avowals of
his own sentiments and wishes—look to the
necessity of circumstances which acted on
him, and the truth will appear and his fame
as a patriot, by its light, will be seen fair
and unblamed.

JEFFERSON's character has not been un-
derstood. We have known who and what
were our WASHINGTON, our HAMILTON, our
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siderably antecedent to his immortal produc-
tion, the Declaration of Independence, to
that of his retirement from the Presidency,
in which he served eight years, JEFFERSON's
life was devoted to his country.

Jefferson was bred a lawyer and was
early so far distinguished in regard to his po-
litical knowledge that he was chosen a mem-
ber of the second Congress from a State
which was full of politicians. He was next
Governor of that State for two years, and
having been again elected to Congress was
appointed to fill the place of Dr. FRANKLIN

as Minister Plenipotentiary in France where
the attestation of Louis XIV shows he con-
ducted his mission most satisfactorily to him,
and the undivided opinion of WASHINGTON
and the country proves that he highly exalted
his reputation at home. That hero of whom
we all and always boast, yet never too much,
urged him to become Secretary of foreign af-
fairs, as the office was then generally called,
by which it meant to be Secretary of State, to
which JEFFERSON reluctantly consented, and
continued in that to the close of the year 1793
when he resigned it. He was next made
Vice President, under ADAMS, and in all his
offices he displayed a fidelity and ability
which will add to the admiration of his friends
the respect of those who were his enemies.

It has recently been said that JEFFERSON
was poor. It has appeared that he was em-
barrassed and that he wished to exchange
his property in real estate for cash, by means
of a lottery. We do not to the memory even
of JEFFERSON any abandonment or concession
of our own principles. For one I hesitate
not to say that in this particular he de-
parted, during his state of age and infirmity,
from the Roman virtue of his earlier life. It
could only be the weakness of age which led
to the demoralizing and beggarly plan of sell-
ing land by a lottery. Like *Fabius*, who had
enriched Rome by the triumphs he won for
it and the spoils he had gained, he ought
rather to have died in poverty, with his dig-
nities unstained, than to have become a spec-
ulator in the base concern of the sale of tick-
ets. To have soothed his declining years,
by the provision of every comfort and luxury
of life, would have been a pleasure to his
countrymen: to have enriched him by the
heaviest harvest of their munificence would
have been their pride. Had he then no
friend to save him from this fall and tell us
he was in want? none who could have saved
him in old age from tottering to the Virginia
Legislature, to ask a lottery for THOMAS JEF-
FERSON? A shame rest on the heads of his
friends.

I have regretted so much to have seen such
an act of condescension and humiliation, by
such a man, that I have spoken perhaps too
freely; but I believe the standard of repub-
lican virtue to be as fixed and true as that
which JEFFERSON himself, like his successor,
Mr. ADAMS, has sought to have established
as to the weight and measures of physical
lodges, and although I would not object to
his going to Ben. Tyler to buy a prize at the
temple of Fortune, yet I have been unwilling
that he should have married the Priestess—
her reputation could do no honor to an old
man's choice.

To do justice to the character of JEFFERSON
it would be necessary to review all those
great events in which he has acted a conspicuous
part, which would involve a review of the
history of the United States, from the declara-
tion of Independence, of which he was the
author, to the time of his retirement from the
presidency. The productions of his pen of
every kind should be critically examined,
and their beauties and excellences exhibited,
while their errors should be freely exposed.
That there would be much to admire, much,
which, on cool reflection, must be approved,
cannot be doubted, unless we doubt that
taste, science, and philosophy deserve our
approbation, unless we deny that patriotism
and wisdom ought to be revered.

It is a singular fact, considering how men
rise to fame and office in this country, that
the eminent man, to whose merits we are
paying an imperfect tribute, was able to ascend
to the very highest peak of honors without climbing by the vulgar mode. He
was no public talker. I use not this expres-
sion from any cynical contempt of eloquence,
but because I detect that garrulous repetition
of the thoughts of others, by which some
men harass, almost to death, those who
must hear them, in order to prove to those
who do not, that they are sound in wind, and
able to run well again—time. JEFFERSON
had useful talents and it needed no idle and
pernicious prating to satisfy a community
which wanted them that he could subserve
its purposes. His was not the occasional
labor and the casual effort which produced a
compiled speech or a comment on one, but
it was the steady, regular, industrious applica-
tion of a powerful mind, which grappled with
and bound the God of changelessness and
deception, compelled him to utter truths
against his will. He was not the man who
would sometimes wrestle, to show his skill or
his power, but he was the daily laborer who
planted, who weeded, and who harvested
with a daily diligence as true as the sun's and
more persevering than his. Temperate and
systematic, he held out long in his labors and
directed them to the best results. He used
no portion of his powers except in those
cheerful and virtuous exercises which never
impaired their force or elasticity; and hence,
although he had absolutely done more work
of intellect than almost any man we have
had, yet time had not apparently, during
eighty years, been able to act with any effect
on the tough sinews which strung it.

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agement of the many others respec-
table as they may be, indeed, for general
qualifications; especially since
they cannot claim the benefit of the
experience of the late incumbent,
united also with high attainments.
If when the question comes fairly before
the people, there should be many whose
claims may be urged, and those claims
too in some particulars respectable, yet
if we will meet the question with
suitable feelings and motives, we may
not find it, perhaps, of so difficult a decision
as may at first possibly be imagined.
As the best interest of the people
of the whole district is the primary
consideration, we must yield our individual
prejudices and partialities to secure
the greatest good, in which each
individual, will of course, receive his
share of the common benefit. Whoever
therefore may be exhibited to the public,
possessed of competent understanding,
good faith, and practical habits of
attention to business; will it be believed
to receive the approbation of that general
portion of electors, who shall be influenced
by motives of public utility, as well as a regard
for their own rights and the respectability of the district of
which they are members.

In selecting those, who are to represent
us in the two branches of the State
Legislature our feelings are apt to be
more circumscribed. Particular interests,
partialities for friends and favorites sometimes
carry us beyond the boundary of legitimate discretion, and we lose sight of public interest and reputation. In times past it has been remarked that the higher branch of this department has not been generally filled by members possessed of that talent and public information which the place demands. If the remark be true, the reason why such should be the fact, cannot, perhaps, be readily assigned; unless, indeed, as has been sometimes said, that in selecting candidates for our Senate we have been influenced not so much by their positive good qualifications, as by their negative qualities; or in other words, that the candidate least known to the public and of whom nothing can be said directly against him stands the best chance of success. If such has been the state of things it is undoubtedly time that it should be changed. It is presumed there are in each senatorial district numbers sufficient to be found, if sought with suitable motives, whose learning and experience would give wisdom to their grey hairs, and who would dignify and adorn the station.

In filling the more numerous branch
of our State Legislature corporate inter-
ests have generally produced the good
effect of securing the election of those
comparatively, at least, fitted for the
office. If learning, wisdom and experience
have not always been the qualifications of the incumbents, they have usually possessed those natural advantages, by which cunning and the art of management have, in a measure answered the place of higher attainments.—
Still, however, it is believed that the same
general rules and principles should guide us in electing our State
Representatives, that direct in the
choice of more important officers.—
If a town or district have a particular
object to effect, if that object be right and reasonable it is not certain that the
member gifted only for intrigue and artifice
is the better agent to employ. Qualifications of a higher cast, such as
honor, good faith, plain dealing and a
competent understanding might answer
quite as good or a better purpose.

It has been the pride and glory of
Republics, that the electors are free; and
that bribery and corruption, which have in other governments overwhelming
influence, have but little sway in this country. The fundamental principles
of our government are intelligence and virtue; and while these essential
principles are strictly adhered to, the State can be in little or no apprehension
of danger. But it is with States, sometimes, as with individuals: age, suc-
cessive improvements and a series of
good fortune are often calculated to lead
them from those fundamental principles
on which existence depends and a strict
adherence to which only can secure
prosperity. It will become necessary
for us often to advert back to these first
and essential principles of the nature of
our government and its institutions; in
order that the citizens preserve in purity
the right, and the exercise of the
right of suffrage; especially if we would
transmit it to our children in the same
purity and simplicity we received it
from our fathers.

Sullivan Bridge Lottery.
THE very POPULAR SCHEME of the
SULLIVAN Bridge Lottery will be
drawn in a few days.
TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS
are worth having these times;—and this
Scheme offers to ADVENTURERS ONE
HUNDRED AND SIXTY THREE pretty
handsome Prizes; and FOUR THOUSAND,
each of which will more than pay the cost of
a Ticket.
Price—Wholes, \$3; Quarters, 87 1-2 cts.
FOR SALE,

BY the subscriber, an elegant SWORD,
EPHAULETTE, PLUME, BREAST-PLATE,
and COCKADE.

Also—KNAPSACK, BETT, and RIFLE.

JONA. BEAMIS, JR.

Paris, July 20.

(*) A PROBATE COURT will be held at
Waterford on Monday the 31st instant,
and at Fryeburg on Tuesday the first day
of August next.

OXFORD CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Oxford are requested to meet in Convention at the Court House in Paris, on Tuesday the fifteenth day of August next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to designate two suitable persons to be supported as candidates for Senators at the ensuing election.

The Republicans of Oxford Congressional District are likewise requested to meet at the same time and place, to select a Candidate for Member of Congress for said district. It is particularly desirable that all the towns in the District, as well as those of the County, should send their Delegates—Each town will send as many Delegates as they are taxed in the Bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said town, to collect for the years 1824 and 1825, in the respective sums following, viz:

No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Per Acre	Total Tax
8 1	100	\$3 00	0 90 1 92 2 02
5 4	100	\$3 00	0 90 1 92 2 02
11 4	50	20 00	0 34 0 90 1 90
7 8	100	\$3 00	0 90 1 92 2 02
2 5	100	\$3 00	0 90 1 92 2 02
7 5	100	\$3 00	0 90 1 92 2 02
8 5	20	45 00	0 76 1 60 2 36
5 6	100	\$3 00	0 90 1 92 2 02
7 6	100	\$3 00	0 90 1 92 2 02
2 7	100	\$3 00	0 90 1 92 2 02
6 8	100	\$3 00	0 90 1 92 2 02
12 9	75	38 00	0 64 1 92 2 56
13 9	66	33 00	0 56 1 28 1 84
14 9	66	50 00	0 85

Gid. Swan, formerly taxed to S. Purington, Esq. unkⁿ.

10 4 100 \$3 00 0 90 1 92 2 02
Purington, 8 8 80 44 00 0 74 1 60 2 34

The following Lot, formerly taxed to Capt. Roger Merrill, taxes on said Lot for the year 1824, 5 6 100 60 00 1 02 1 26 2 26

Gid. Swan, 14 9 66 50 00 0 85 0 85

And unless paid, Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before TUESDAY the third day of OCTOBER next, so much of said land as will discharge the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of ENOC CORNWELL, in said town of Greenwood, on said day, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

JOHN SMALL, Collector
of Taxes in said town.

Greenwood, June 12th, A.D. 1826. 105

AMERICAN TRAVELLER

AND STAGE REGISTER.

THE TRAVELLER is published on Tuesdays and Fridays, on a large imperial sheet, by BADER & PORTER, at No. 81, Court-street, Boston, and contains a great variety of Literary and Scientific matter—Manufacturing, Agricultural and Commercial Intelligence—Information interesting and important to travellers—the latest Foreign and Domestic news—Marine list—Prices Current, &c. &c. As a vehicle of general advertising it offers singular advantages, having a more extensive circulation among places of public resort, such as Stage Houses, Steam Boats, Hotels, Reading Rooms, &c. than any other paper in New England.

The STAGE REGISTER, a publication very useful to travellers, is issued in a neat pamphlet form, as an accompaniment to the Traveller, once in two months; and furnishes a full account of the principal lines of Stages, Steam Boats, and Canal Packets in the New England states and the state of New York.

Price of the Traveller, \$4 per ann.; of the Traveller and Register, \$5 per ann. half in advance.

July 18, 1826.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on MONDAY the twenty-first day of AUGUST next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, in Andover Sur

THE BOWER.

GERTRUDE—BY MRS. HEMANS.

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing moments, with the most heroic fidelity. Her own sufferings, and those of her unfortunate husband are most affectingly described in a letter addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago at Harlem, in a book entitled "Gertrude Von der Wart, or Fidelity unto death."

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy Heaven above;
Its pale stars watching to behold,
The night of earthly love.
"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph! say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for me to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world!—what means it?—MINE IS HERE,

I will not leave thee now!
I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss,
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this!
And thou, mine honor'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed Heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won!"

And were not these high words to flow
From Woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part.
But oh! with such a freezing eye,
With such a curling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou, shouldest speak!
The winds rose high—but with them rose
Her voice, that he might hear;
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near:
While she sat straining with despair.
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.
She wiped the death damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute chords low,
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew;
And on his cheek such kisses press'd,
As Joy and Hope ne'er knew.
: lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Endearing to the last!
She had her need—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While even as o'er a martyr's grave,
She knelt on that sad spot,
And weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!

THE OLI.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE IDLE MAN.....NO. II.

"Of all the days, that I have seen,
There's none I like, like one day;
And that's the day, that comes between
A Saturday and Monday."

In adopting the foregoing lines as the motto of a serious paper, I desire not to give umbrage to the most pious and devotional mind, but only call to my aid the language of a flippant poet, who seems to have hit upon an idea, which is associated with the best feelings of our natures.

Who is not interested in the Sabbath and its ordinances? It is emphatically a day of rest; a day, not "for which all other days are made," but a day made for all other days, refreshing and cheering us for the duties of the week. I deem it a blessing, and not a curse, that requires man to eat bread by the sweat of his brow; it is indeed a *Divine promise*, that those, who seek bread, shall find it, and that industry shall not fail of its reward. While, therefore, we diligently toil through the week, acquiring not only bread, but a zest for its enjoyment, rest becomes suitable and salutary to our natures. The powers of the human frame, could not endure unremitting labor. The arm grows weary, that is constantly extended; the hand, which knows no respite, refuses its service; the eye becomes tired with seeing and the ear with hearing. How grateful then the rest of the Sabbath!

Nor is the Sabbath a rest from labor only. It is a rest from human passions, a truce among the contending elements of the moral world. On this day, it is, that ambition composes her wings, avarice relaxes her iron features, envy forgets her employment; our enemies are asleep, and all the corroding cares of life are hushed to repose. Who has not felt the sublimity of such a rest? Who has not felt the glow of gratitude for the tranquillity of his own bosom, the happiness of his domestic circle, and the peace of the world? as though he who once said to the waves and the tempest, "peace, be still," had arisen again by the institution of the Sabbath and said to the waves and the tempest of human passion, "peace, be still—and there was a great calm."

But the Sabbath is not only a day of rest, it is a day of devotion. Man is by nature devotional. His very wants and his weakness teach him his dependence on a Supreme Being, whose existence reason alone abundantly demonstrates. All nations ancient and modern, savage and civilized, acknowledge this great truth and pay their varied adorations to the "GREAT FIRST CAUSE." To us, who have the light of revelation together with the aid of enlightened reason, the

existence of God is most manifest. Open but the eye, and this truth flashes upon the mind, whether we direct a glance at the Heavens over our head, or the earth beneath our feet. Nay, select but a single leaf from the green attire of the forest, or a single blade of grass from the rich carpet of nature, it exhibits evidences of design, which reason and sound philosophy can consider only as emanations of infinite wisdom, goodness, and power.

Surrounded then on every side by objects that bear the impress of Deity, refreshing and recreating the various corporeal and mental powers and silencing the importunity of week-day passions in the calm repose of the Lord's day, we seem to breathe a purer air; the Heavens glow with brighter lustre; the earth rejoices in the goodness of God; and our hearts expand in gratitude to Him, and in good will to our fellow men.

I leave to abler pens to portray the sublime pleasures awakened by the Sacred Song and the holy devotions of the house of God. But in view of them, we cannot but see how admirably they are adapted to the nature and condition of man. Truly "the Sabbath was made for man," and why should it not be his delight?

[From the Boston Monthly Magazine.]

CONFESSIONS
OF A
COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

At the close of the year 1825, my diabolical destiny sent me to H——, a village on the sea-coast of a New-England State, inhabited by certain amphibious bipeds, who call themselves farmer-fishermen. Here I had contracted to spend eight winter weeks in cultivating whatever of intellect there might be in forty-five children (if they can claim the name) of both sexes. Fool that I was—as if the "young idea" could shoot in winter more than any other weed, and that too in a soil of the consistency of granite. But a few days of fruitless flogging prompted me to spare my own feelings—the only ones affected by that exercise—and to employ my leisure in ruling the writing books instead of the scholars: and I did desist soon after, upon discovering that my merits as instructor were estimated by my clemency to the pupils—that is to say, my popularity with the children, and, which is a natural consequence in H——, with their parents, was in the inverse ratio of flagellations dispensed. One great point was already gained; but another of equal magnitude, though in a cheering state of progression, remained to be fully accomplished: namely, to render myself agreeable as a member of the family where I happened to board. This is no less essential to complete success, than to spare the rod and spoil the child. In justice to myself, however, it should here be remarked, that I am free from the guilt of fulfilling the latter half of Solomon's maxim; for the children were all spoiled to my hand. The second important qualification of a country preceptor is, that he be able to demolish any given quantity of provisions. This is indispensable. Our country people never starve the master, though I admit, with the most cheerful alacrity, that they may sometimes stuff him to death. Among them, no abstemious man can be a favorite. Whoever asserts the contrary, either wilfully misrepresents, or is deplorably ignorant. The man of Ichabod Crane, that pink of pedagogues, we are told, possessed "the diluting powers of an Anaconda," and the consequence was, that he ate himself into the good graces of all in Sleepy Hollow. In like manner, no teacher can be popular in H——, if he have not the appetite of a shark. The agent's house at which I tarried night and morning, was a mile and a half distant from the anatomy of a building where my pupils daily assembled to shiver—not with terror, but with cold—for all the birch consumed in school, was consumed by the fire, and I have the satisfaction to know, that, as it was never employed to produce heat by impulse, so it never yielded any at a sensible distance.—But, a mile and a half was too far to travel for a dinner. I was therefore kindly permitted to dine at Mrs. Dunning's, in the vicinity of the school house. The first forenoon was spent in an idle attempt to learn forty-five christian, I would say, barbarous names, compared with which, the names of Oliver Cromwell's jury dwindled into absolute propriety. At twelve o'clock, I retreated to Mrs. Dunning's, where a hearty welcome awaited me. Dinner shortly appeared—but as this is the meal, that in a week's time, had well nigh sunk me to the grave, it merits a particular description. It will be sufficient to enumerate the articles spread before me on the first occasion, for I can say to the reader "ex uno disce omnes"—which is, being interpreted, there was no variation during twenty-eight days. First, came an unknown quantity of tea, contained in a coffee-pot that might have served for a moderate sized light house. Secondly, a plate of what Mrs. Dunning, with apparent sincerity, called sliced pork; but what I suspected, from its color and tenacity, to be gum-elastic. This was followed by a quart bowl of real pork in a state of fusion. Some one had previously told me, by way of encouragement, that all school-masters lived upon the fat of the land. Alas! the ambiguity of language!—lilt now I had never understood this expression. On one corner of the table stood an article that would have staggered Beliogabulus; namely, a conical turret of dough nuts. This detestable esculent, the pride of our country dames, sometimes resembles one of your inflexible little soup dumplings; at others, it appears to be a kind of mongrel pancake. The opposite corner was defended by a turret of similar shape, and nearly as formidable, consisting of minced dun-fish. A platter of brown bread, an irregular mass of junk beef, an apple pie resembling the top of an overgrown toad stool, a bowl of corpulent potatoes in violent perspiration, and a batter pudding of cylindrical shape, livid complexion, and the most appalling specific gravity, completed the dinner. It is difficult to find a simile for this pudding—the reader may obtain a faint idea of its appearance and constitution, by inspecting a leaden clock weight. I sat down with the stubborn resolution of eating till the family were satisfied—a sure but terrible path to popularity. "Come, Master," said Mrs. Dunning, "reach to and help yourself—when you are amongst poor folks, you must put up

with poor folks' fare." I strove to alleviate the good woman's anxiety, by word and deed. I seized a potato, squashed it upon my plate, and gazed in silent agony on the four spoonsful of liquid pork generously poured upon it under the name of gravy. A reputation and twenty-eight dollars being at stake, it would have been rashness in me to refuse the half pound of minced fish, four cups of tea, ninety degrees of apple pie, and eleven dough nuts, which were thrust upon me with distressing kindness. It is said that the North Carolina militia, when commanded to fire, shut their eyes, banish thought, and pull trigger. A feeling somewhat similar, prompted me to close mine as each mouthful was conveyed to its predestined place, and my jaws labored mechanically, like any other grist-mill.

By dint of these conclusive efforts, all the articles just mentioned were soon made to disappear; and now, thought I, I have made

a deep impression in my favor. Delusive idea! as evanescent as the proverb that vanished before the knife and fork of Mrs. Dunning's son, a promising young Vulcan, whose operations I was watching with a jealous eye—and my heart sank within me at the comparative insignificance of my own exploits. The despondence created by this scene was heightened by an exclamation from Mrs. Dunning: "Ah! Master, you won't make out a dinner. I am afraid you don't like our fare." At that instant I risked myself an Esquimaux or an ostrich. As it was, I made one more effort and devoured two more dough nuts; but here a symptom of strangling rendered me still-necked against all further solicitations. I had realized and could demonstrate an absolute plenum. I pass over the difficulty of walking two rods to the school house, and merely remark, that had I gone to the agent's for dinner, my pupils would have gained half a holiday. Let me stop a moment to remind the reader that this narrative is not written for applause—this sympathy is not expected,—that a smile would be an insult, for, to me it is a memoir of any thing but the ludicrous. He may bear in mind, also, that I have disclaimed exaggeration, and professed to be the advocate of truth. These reflections will enable him to meet without a sneer, the solemn assurance that, in six successive days, I devoured seventeen meals of equal magnitude with the one described. Nor can my sacrifices be fairly censured as extravagant. For although the demon of popularity may be conciliated at dinner, yet his favor is easily lost at supper or breakfast. His votaries must be consistent in their piety. From an imperfect register of these offerings, it appears that, among other articles, I consumed during the first week, six pounds of minced fish, two gallons of tea, a pint and a half of melted pork, a cubic foot of solid ditto, five apple pies, and one hundred and nineteen dough nuts.

On Saturday morning, three of the agent's hogs followed me to school. I thought of the pork I had eaten, and ever and anon cast a timid glance at the swine. "Their tameness was shocking to me." But it shortly ceased to be so; for after this, they followed me with canine regularity, and without any inclination to be witty, I regarded them merely as intolerable bores. A week had now elapsed, and not only found me in existence, but also brought along with it a pleasure I had long been a stranger to—that was the benefit of eating. My popularity was unparalleled, and built upon a foundation too solid for premature decay. Well has a modern writer contended that the stomach is the seat of the soul. It is an ingenious and plausible doctrine, and not without its advocates; for in H——, at least, they estimate a man's intellects by the capacity of his bread basket. The whole district rang with my praises. "The Master," said they, "is a fine accommodating man—he is not a witte particoller about his vittles." So much accomplished in a single week would have puffed up any body, and mockness herself might have pardoned the innocent strut that conveyed me to the neighboring village of B——, on Saturday afternoon. An acquaintance met me in the street—was struck with my altered appearance, and expressed much sarcasmic regret to find that I had fallen into consumptive habits. Taunts and jeers, however, affected me not. An honest pride supported me. But pride must have a fall, and the fall of mine was a heavy one. During that memorable Saturday night, fancy, in the shape of the incubus, caused me to execute a somerset, the like of which was never performed, but once, and then it was done by Lucifer. The tumble, however, being only one part of my involuntary freaks and sufferings on the night aforesaid, I shall take the liberty to narrate them in order and at large. As for the reader, be he ever so sleepy, the night mare shall keep him awake while we are in company—but if he has not the patience to read a description of it, I heartily wish him the reality, and leave him to his slumbers. At nine o'clock I found myself in bed, and a few minutes after, in the desert of Zalazra—for the night mare is an excellent traveller. Notwithstanding the short period of time occupied in passing the Atlantic, my sides ached horribly. I was no less jaded than if the journey had been performed on a trip-hammer. I strained my eyes in vain to find a place of shelter. There was nothing to be seen but a circular plain of reddish sand, bounded by the horizon. Suddenly the heavens assumed a tempestuous aspect; but I hailed this symptom of rain water with ecstasy, for hitherto a burning sun had consumed the outward man, and a burping thirst the inward. Oh! how I longed for one of those well saturated clouds, that seemed to withhold their moisture on purpose to tantalize me. In ten minutes I could have made a dry sponge of the whole atmosphere. My contemplation of the skies was all at once interrupted by the most frightful grunts, proceeding from myriads of swine who encompassed me round about in concentric circles, and gnashed their tusks in vengeance. They were apparently broiled by the sun, and destitute of bristles. The latter of these misfortunes they suffered in common with myself, for terror had made me shed all my hair. Yes—I was attacked, literally by a legion of live pork. The horrid circle contracted rapidly around me. Flight, in any sense of the word, was impossible. In this agonizing moment the clouds opened and discharged a tremendous shower of—dough nuts. Henceforth let no melancholic victim of ennu, complain of feeling blue, till he has felt the "peeling of the pitless storm." Every nut seemed to strike like the ball of a nine-pounder. I was reduced to paste in a twinkling. In a short time the clouds began to slacken fire, when I ventured to raise my head, which had been pummelled into the sand, and take a peep at the horizon. But, O horror of horrors, the circle of hogs remained unabated. They had stopped but a

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

Oxford, ss.

PURSUANT to Warrants from ELIA THOMAS, Esq., Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed against the following townships of unimproved Land, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State Tax, for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five, viz:

Township No. 2, Second Range, \$ 2.
" No. 2, third " 5 3.
" No. 4, fourth " 5 3.
" No. 2, letter A, 7 26.

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House in Paris, on MONDAY the thirty-first day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WM. C. WHITNEY, Sheriff
of Oxford County.

Hebron, June 12, A. D. 1826. Gw 102

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss.

TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY the fifth day of August next, at two o'clock P. M. at the Store of Moses Menard, Jr. in Hebron, at the right, claim, and title which ISAAC COOMBS, of said Hebron, has to redeem the Real Estate which the said Coombs now occupies, and on a part of which he now lives—and all the Real Estate which the said Coombs conveyed to Nathaniel Dany, Luther Dany, and Levi Cutler, all of Portland, by his Deed of Mortgage, dated October 3d, 1823, and recorded in the Register of Deeds, in and for the County aforesaid—Book 25, Pages 507, 508, 509, reference to which being had,

ISAIAH WHITTEMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

Hebron, July 6, 1826. 102

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss.

TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Auction on Friday the eleventh day of August next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the Dwelling-house of JOHN GAMMON, in Hartford, in said County, all the Right in Equity which JOHN GAMMON, of Hartford, Yeoman, has to and the Farm on which he now lives, in Hartford aforesaid.

HASTINGS STRICKLAND, Jr., Dep. Sheriff.

Commissioners' Notice.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the Claims of the several creditors to the Estate of LEVI BEARCE, Jr. late of Hebron, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice, that six months from the thirteenth day of June instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their Claims, and that we shall attend that service at the Dwelling-House of JAMES DONHAM, in said Hebron, on the first Monday of August, October, and November, from one to five o'clock, in the afternoon of each day.

JAMES DONHAM,
EBENEZER DONHAM,
Hebron, June 27, 1826. 105

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—Mexico.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-Resident Proprietors and Owners of the following lots of Land in the town of Mexico, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in a Bill committed to me to collect for the year 1825 and also deficiency of Highway Taxes for the year 1824, as follows:

Name.	Range.	No. Lot.	No. Tax.	Value.	Deficiency.
Trask,	1	1	100	500	3 40
"	2	100	500	3 40	
Virgin,	2	17	2	30	29
Trask,	3	5	60	100	68
Trask,	3	4	50	100	68
Holman,	4	19	40	160	1 03
"	18	100	300	2 04	
Goff,	9	100	200	1 36	
Trask,	6	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	5	23	200	1 36	
"	19	100	300	2 04	
Unknown,	14	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	10	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	8	100	200	1 36	
Hix,	7	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	12	100	200	1 36	
Unknown,	10	100	200	1 36	
Holman,	9	100	200	1 36	
Hix,	7	10	100	10	1 03
Holman,	14	100	200	1 3	